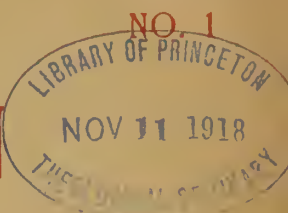


VOL. XIV

THE AMERICAN
M^cALL RECORD



FEBRUARY
1896



THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE
AMERICAN MCALL ASSOCIATION

ROOM 21, 1710 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, with Annual Report, postpaid, 25 cents a year. **CLUB RATES**, twenty or more subscriptions: To one address, 10 cents a year; to separate addresses, 12 cents a year.

CONTENTS

Editorial Notes.—Must we Leave the Field Unharvested?—Work Among French Girls.—De Profundis.—Le Bon Messenger.—For the Blind.—Miss De Bröen's Belleville Mission, Paris.—The Christian Endeavor Movement in France.—The Tower of Constance.—Here and There.—Drunkard and Gambler.—Holiday Celebrations.—French Anarchist and the Gospel.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS

- THE MCALL MISSION IN FRANCE. By Rev. Franklin Noble, D.D., 17 illustrations. 22 pp. 10 cents a copy; 3 copies for 25 cents; 25 copies, \$2.00.
- FRENCH SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND AMERICAN CHILDREN. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. 8 pp. 60 cents per hundred, postpaid. Especially for Sunday-schools.
- A CONSECRATED LIFE, ELIZABETH ROGERS BEACH, MEMORIAL ADDRESS. By Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, D.D. 16 pp. Price, 5 cents a copy.
- THE NEW RELIGIOUS SPIRIT IN FRANCE. By Prof. Jean C. Bracq. 4 pp. 40 cents a hundred, postpaid.
- THE WOMEN OF FRENCH PROTESTANTISM, 20 pp.; OUR DEBT TO FRANCE, 15 pp.; FRENCH PROTESTANTISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, 20 pp. THE EVANGELIZING POWER OF THE MCALL MISSION. 16 pp. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. Price of each, postpaid, 5 cents per copy.
- THE LOST CHILDREN: A STORY OF THE MCALL MISSION. By Madame Pasteau. 16 pp. Single copies, 5 cents.
- A NEW DEPARTURE, 4 pp. 45 cents per hundred, postpaid.
- CHRISTMAS FÊTES IN THE MCALL MISSION, 4 pp. 45 cents per hundred, postpaid.
- THE PRESENT OUTLOOK IN FRANCE. By Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. TWELVE QUESTIONS ANSWERED. Price, 35 cents per hundred.
- GOD'S PLAN AND PROVIDENCES IN THE MCALL MISSION. For free distribution. 16 pp. By Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, D.D.
- FIFINE: A STORY OF THE MCALL MISSION, 204 pp. Illustrated. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. Cloth, 65 cents, postpaid.
- THE CRUISE OF THE MYSTERY IN MCALL MISSION WORK. 408 pp. Illustrated. By Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton. Cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.
-

All remittances except those for literature, should be payable to Mrs. Abraham R. Perkins, Treasurer, W. Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

All orders and remittances for literature should be payable to Miss Caroline Remington, General Secretary, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered at the Post-office, Philadelphia, Penn., as second-class matter.

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

VOLUME XIV

FEBRUARY, 1896

NUMBER 1

All our readers will be glad to see on the cover the face of the beloved Dr. McAll.

The last station of the Mission Boat the past summer was Jouy, where it was stationed in November and early December. While at Jouy, an American gentleman and his wife made a visit to the boat, calling on the way at Cergy, to see the farmer's family of whom mention is made in the account of the boat work in another page. "It was quite a touching scene," writes Mr. Brown. "Your American ladies each received a kiss on both cheeks from the women. I am told that Mr. B. referred to this visit at the American Church on Sunday, and said it was the most pleasant recollection he should carry back to America."

Concerning the two women whose interesting conversions are told elsewhere in the story of the boat work, Dr. Benham writes: "I have seen the writer of the letter. Mr. Brown and Miss Moggridge have held little meetings at her father's house since the departure of the boat. She and others are real trophies of Divine grace. The schoolmistress at Persan is still holding on and is a strong Christian. She had been seeking the light twenty years.

"The boat was at first well attended at Pontoise," writes Dr. Benham, "but curiosity died away, and I fear the permanent result is not much there. Towns are hard to move. At the village of Cergy the mayor and the schoolmaster, with their wives, and almost all the village (who can) crowd the boat night after night. The curé comes, too, with his Bible, and is very friendly. He has authorized M. Huet to say *publicly* that he would be glad if each of his parishioners bought and studied the Bible. The result is very cheering; I believe that much good is being done in this and neighboring villages."

The boat went into winter quarters in the canal of St. Denis, Paris, about the middle of December. The Methodist evangelist of that suburb, M. Alain, has undertaken to work the meetings. As he is well known and respected, it is hoped that even that centre of atheism and indifference may be touched.

While in this country many are advocating the advisability of adopting to a greater or less degree the "Continental Sunday," France, "Godless France," as she is often called, has two influential Sunday societies, one for Sunday rest—to secure a rest day to the laboring man, and one for the sanctification of the Sabbath, and both these societies have already made themselves strongly felt.

Pastor Bianquis, of Rouen, one of the officers of the Sabbath Society of France, said at a recent meeting, "We must, as pastors, come down from our pulpits, lay aside our robes, and talk to the people as we were taught by McAll."

Dr. Chamberlain, always generously ready to do what is practicable to further the interests of the Mission, presented the cause in the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church of Brooklyn, at their regular missionary concert, Friday evening, December 6th, and has since spoken in another Brooklyn church, as well as at a social gathering of the New York Auxiliary.

The work of inducing Sunday-schools in this country to adopt Sunday-schools of the Mission, so far as to provide them with lesson-cards and pictures, goes forward with encouraging success. Nearly seventy schools are now provided for, but there are still many schools to be taken. In this connection we would repeat the notice already given, that Mrs. Houghton has offered to speak in behalf of this movement, whenever appointments may be made for her in the Sunday-schools in towns near New York. Mrs. George Wood has kindly undertaken to conduct the correspondence in this matter, and pastors or managers desiring to avail themselves of Mrs. Houghton's offer are requested to address Mrs. Wood at The Florence, 105 East Eighteenth Street, New York.

We have in the Bureau a number of copies of Mrs. McAll's photograph, a very excellent and life-like portrait. They will be sold at fifty cents each, or less if the demand warrants the striking off of further copies.

We would again call particular attention to our literature, especially to our new publications, a complete list of which, including Dr. Chamberlain's Pittsfield address, will be found on page 2 of the cover. Send to the Bureau for an abundant supply for distribution.

MUST WE LEAVE THE FIELD UNHARVESTED?

There has never been a time since the founding of the American McAll Association when the prospect of returns from the money devoted to the evangelization of France was so good as it is now. Any one who has kept track of the work of the Mission Boat, as presented in the pages of *THE RECORD*, must have become aware that in nearly every place where it has been stationed there has been a remarkable alacrity to attend its services, and an impression made far more deep and lasting than what the French people call a "success of curiosity." The people appear to be prepared to a very striking degree.

Not that they are at all aware beforehand of any desire for Gospel teaching. In general they have not felt any such desire. But when they hear the Gospel they rejoice in it; they are glad of the good tidings, and in many cases ready to receive them into hearts which, though benighted, are honest.

It is not only among those who come to our Boat or to our Mission Halls that the Spirit of God appears to be moving. His influence is felt in a remarkable degree among the French Churches. A genuine revival of religion is in progress in France. For three weeks before the week of prayer revival meetings were held in various parts of the country. Not such meetings as we call by that name. There was no appeal to the unconverted, no effort to awaken the thoughtless; it was the Christians themselves who sought to be revived. And this assuredly is the best, and indeed, the only sound foundation of a great ingathering of souls. These words are written before any account of the meetings of the Week of Prayer has been received, but it is not to be doubted that a precious work of grace is going on in the churches of France.

If this is the case, much more may we hope for, and expect, a good harvest of souls in our mission halls. And how are we preparing for it? By opening new halls in the towns and villages where the field has been prepared by our boat work? By increasing the number of agencies in our present halls? Alas, no! The financial stringency is so great that, instead of opening halls, the Board of Directors is preparing to close them. When the leases fall in, on the first of next April, a number of halls will be closed, unless the collections of the next two months are very greatly in advance of what they have been during the past two seasons.

It is a heavy blow to those of us who are interested in the halls about to be abandoned, and to all of us who know what good reason there is to expect an unusually fruitful year. Let us not, however, be disheartened, even though we may not avert this disaster, but only redouble our efforts in the hope that

before long the funds will suffice, if not to re-open the old halls, then to open others in places where they are still more urgently needed.

Especially let not those auxiliaries whose special work is taken from them by the closing of their halls feel discouraged or slacken their efforts. Of one thing they may be certain—the decision to select their halls out of all that are in existence, for closing at this time, was not made by the Board of Directors in Paris without most careful study into the condition in which the people of those halls will be left when they are closed. In every case—for example, in the Lyons halls, where so fine and fruitful a work has been done—there is some neighboring pastor, accustomed to speaking in the halls, his voice and face well known to the people, who now undertakes to do what he can to look after them. In one or two cases, indeed, the halls will not be closed, but will simply pass from the care of the Mission to the care of such a pastor; or, if he does not continue to work this very hall, the lease being up, he has undertaken to find another hall, nearer his own church, perhaps, and there to carry on the same evangelistic work which the people have had in our halls.

It will not be wholly an evil if by the closing of our hall any considerable number of our people are brought near to a church and its pastor, and thus in time induced to unite with the church. That, indeed, is what we all desire. It would be a beautiful result of our work if one by one our halls and their attendants were taken over by a neighboring church as its own work, leaving the Mission free to found a new hall and pioneer a new field. The lamentable thing just now, in some cases at least, is not that we must give up a hall, but that we must give it up for lack of funds, and so cannot open another.

Two incidents of recent occurrence will show how beautifully the McAll Mission fits into the needs of the people of France, and how real a help it gives to the religious agencies of French Protestantism.

In Tunis not long ago two men met for the first time. Before long each discovered that the other was a believer in Christ, a convert of a McAll hall in widely-separated parts of France. There was no church in that town, and they wanted the religious privileges to which they had become accustomed. After deliberation they made an appeal to the *Société Centrale*, the French society for planting new churches or evangelizing stations, and in answer to their appeal a mission station was opened and is now being carried on in that African town.

A convert of one of the McAll halls going to work in the mountains of the Pyrenees found the people there in a state of heathen darkness. He began to distribute the tracts he had received in the hall; people became interested; he opened a hall, and carried on meetings as near like McAll meetings as he

knew how, and when at last he was obliged to seek work elsewhere, there were enough men of that town sufficiently enlightened to continue the service.

Are not these striking tributes to the value of the work carried on in our halls? Shall we close any of them, or permit the number of these lights in a dark place to be diminished? The "budget" for the coming year has been reduced by just one-fifth. That is to say, if every one who gives a dollar now—four quarters, would give five—a dollar and a quarter—we could go on as we did last year, not reducing the number of our stations, even though we were still obliged to turn a deaf ear to the call to open new ones. Let us give France the fifth quarter!

If we gave six quarters, some new stations might be opened to follow up and complete the beautiful work of the Boat.

WORK AMONG FRENCH GIRLS.

The temptations of the girls whom we reach are very great. To begin with, there is poverty, and I am told that the conversation in the workrooms is low and corrupting beyond belief, so that their minds become tainted and they are familiarized with evil. Then, the moral standard in France is so low that immorality seems an unimportant matter to them. Sad stories come to our knowledge of girls falling into a sinful life without appearing to think very ill of themselves, hoping that some day marriage will come—and sometimes it does.

But there is another side to the picture. Thank God there are bright Christians among these girls, and loving hearts and sweet natures. Several years ago I wrote for the RECORD an account of the first class I had to do with. Two years ago I was asked to take another class of girls. It was not a very favorable moment; their former leader had been much beloved by the girls; she lived close to the hall and saw them often, but ill health had obliged her to give up her work, and the class had fallen off to six or eight when I took it. Since then it has varied in attendance from that to fourteen. Some have moved away, but from time to time we have had new members. Last summer I encouraged them to meet by themselves, while I was absent in England, under the leadership of one they call "the little mother," because the father is a widower and she takes care of her little brother and sisters—a dear, sweet girl she is. Well, they met faithfully all summer, studied the Bible together regularly, and got some new members.

In the fall I found myself unable for a winter's work, and decided, rather suddenly, to come home. I went, unannounced, to say good-bye to them, and found ten sitting there quietly with their open Bibles. They were surprised

and delighted to see me, thinking I was about to resume my work among them, and became sad, even to tears, when I told them I was going away.

We have grown to love each other, those girls and I. We had happy times together. Last year, on our weekly evenings, we spent as much time as we could spare in making sailors' bags for Bibles, etc. On each was put a text and a flag. I taught them also many new hymns, for these girls are particularly good singers. Then we had our half hour of Bible study, ending with prayer, some of the girls almost always taking part.

There have been conversions during these two years. Two are very bright Christians, their prayers most touching. One of them was converted a little more than a year ago. God used three of us to bring that one soul into the light—a little close personal talk, a letter and a sermon. How often it is thus! I can see such a change in that dear girl, from frivolity to earnestness, and interest in the souls of others.

"The little mother" has also been much awakened, and is very helpful with the others.

The other class that I had last year is an extremely hard one; many of the girls have been much spoiled at home and are very willful and intractable, but we had some bright times together. At one of our evening meetings three were awakened to their need of a Saviour, and, I believe, truly gave themselves to Him, in a childish and ignorant way, but very sincerely. They learned many new hymns, and I had them singing as a little choir several times in the week.

I might write of work among the girls in other halls, of which I know a little, but time does not permit more than a few words. It seems to me that the work done in the Faubourg St. Antoine Hall, under Mr. Greig's direction, is most satisfactory and thorough; it is like what we see in our own country. Taught in the Sunday School in childhood, they pass, as young girls, into Mrs. Greig's Union "*La Ruche*," and now a number of them are converted and have become Sunday School teachers and workers in other ways. There has been more or less of this progress in other halls, but not so systematically or successfully carried on.

Miss Johnstone's "*Union de Jeunes Filles*," in Salle Beach, is also a very flourishing and interesting one, but it is not connected with the Sunday School. Her girls are chiefly domestics, and, I should think, more tractable than factory or shop girls, or those working at trades in the workrooms, etc. Let us pray for those engaged in this work, that they may be given much grace and heavenly wisdom, and be enabled to lead on the girls of France to become such a power for good as women are in this country and in England.

A. ESREY JOHNSON.

DE PROFUNDIS.

There are times when it is profitable for societies, as well as individuals, to call a halt and look unfavorable things squarely in the face and ask, "*What can be done?*" A deficit in the accounts of the Paris office of seven thousand dollars occurred last year. In other words, that much more money was expended than received. This was not because of impulsive expansion or ill-judged extension, but because on the part of the Executive Committee work honestly carried on for years was continued in the simple faith that it would be cared for, and on the part of Christians there was failure to give as before.

It is humiliating to note that the sums sent by our American Association last year fell short of former years by just about that amount. In other words, had the contributions of our Association been up to the standard this embarrassment would not have appeared! All because here and there somebody fell short of her *privilege*! The deficit can be made up, for the Evangelical Church of France has come nobly to the rescue, thus proving their high appreciation of the work, and some English friends have promised the remainder; but, alas! only upon condition that a recurrence be guarded against by a reduction of expenditures. This means the peremptory closing this spring, as fast as the leases expire, of several important and interesting Halls in the provinces and two or three in Paris. By those familiar with the work, this is regarded as a calamity—a step backward, and that, too, at a time when extension rather than retrenchment seems demanded by the promise of the field and the receptivity of the people. The writer of this stayed at Toulouse over a broiling hot Sunday. It was also a "fête-day." In the evening the illuminations, decorations and amusements in the streets and park were, as all French festivities are, extremely brilliant and attractive. Yet a little way from this park, the centre of the gaieties, we found the humble McAll Station with a goodly audience, where we scarcely expected to find any one.

The Salles at Marseilles we found of marked interest, and well filled with the motley company peculiar to seaport towns. One day, in Paris, we heard Dr. Hastings Burroughs tell of the thrilling inception and growth of the work at St. Etienne. Oh! if our people could only see how plain and bare these halls are, surely they would want to "fix them up," rather than see them die! But for the lack of a few paltry dollars, now in the *custody* of Christian people, these must all be closed!

This means the loss of precious souls, and of lives for Christ—the setting back of the hands upon the dial. Must it be so? Can we afford to have it so? Let us each one look at it long and well, and ask, "What can I do about it?" If we cannot give more, can we not interest some one? There is much need-

less timidity about "begging" in such a cause. We are too apt to go about it as if a personal matter, while "the silver and the gold are His," and only *intrusted* to those who hold them, and it is only asking in His name for that which is His, that souls for whom he laid down *everything* may know of His salvation! So will much of our personal hesitation and diffidence disappear, and grand results be reached. The good old missionary hymn rings in our ears as we contemplate this threatened calamity:

" Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to souls benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

We once heard an old minister read this hymn, and when he came to—

" Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,"

he stopped, and solemnly said: "Alas! brethren! This is just what we are too willing to have done—to have the wind do the work we ought to be willing and glad to do ourselves."

Cannot something be done? A long pull, and a strong one, and these threatened barks will be saved, and perhaps fresh impetus be given to the whole grand, solemn work, to say nothing of the reflex blessing which may come to ourselves.

W. B. L.

In Roanne, a town not very far from Lyons, a new hall has been opened by Pastor Vesserot, of the Protestant Church of that town. No particulars have come, except the announcement in *Le Bon Messager*, but as the Board of Direction is not undertaking new work just now, we must suppose that this is being undertaken by the people of the church, though it is a McAll Mission and not, like the Grenoble hall mentioned on page 28, a church mission. At the opening service there were 120 persons present. M. Dubois, of Lyons, is to help in this work.

Those who attended the annual meeting in Pittsfield and heard Dr. Chamberlain's interesting and cogent address will be delighted to hear that it may be widely circulated if they so choose. Dr. Chamberlain has kindly presented the Association with 5000 copies of the address, beautifully made with stiff paper covers and uniform in size with his other McAll Mission addresses and papers. These copies are for free distribution, and may be procured by applying to the Bureau.

"LE BON MESSENGER."

We give some account of the results seen of the work of Auvers. After that, the Boat was at Pontoise, then at Cergy, where the meetings have been excellent. It then went to Jouy-le-Montier, the mild weather enabling us to continue the work without hindrance. It is now wintering on the canal at St. Denis, one of the most thickly populated districts outside of Paris, where it is being worked in connection with our friends of the Wesleyan Mission, who have a regular work there. Much will depend on the weather as to how far we can continue to keep the Boat open.

AUVERS SUR-OISE.

It is the longest *commune* in France, extending in one long line from Pontoise to Chapendal; it is a summer residence of artists, and *les bourgeois de Paris*. Mr. Huet describes it as having furnished the most receptive audience along the Oise, except Compiègne.

I found the Boat nestling amid a group of willows, whose graceful branches dipped in the placid stream. The river here takes a curve, and all along the banks, sheltered by the willows, were fishermen sitting smoking in punts, not killing fish but killing time, an excuse perhaps for perfect rest, after the labors and pleasures of exciting Paris.

As usual, the Boat was crowded from stem to stern; many unable to find seats stood and blocked up the porch, and made the Boat a kind of Turkish bath, for though the windows are made to open, the good people of the country are afraid of fresh air lest they should take cold, so they closed them!

After the meeting, two groups detached themselves from the congregation; on my right a group of peasants from Frépillon; they came every night, the chief person being a farmer's daughter, who stood with Bible and hymn-book in hand, waiting to talk with us. "Mr. Huet has promised to visit us," she said, "won't you come also?" "Oh yes! Mademoiselle comes from far. We will come to-morrow."

The other group was composed of ladies—an artist and *rentières*. The principal person was called *la dame aux raisins*, for she sent a daily gift of grapes from her vineyard; a better name would have been *la dame aux livres*, for she bought 20 frs. worth of Testaments to give to the working men who attended the services. But after the Boat had left, and in company with Mrs. Matheson and Miss Coldstream and Miss Ramsay, we visited her, and held a meeting in her drawing-room, she told me her name was *Madame l'Affranchie*, "God's freed woman," as she had told M. le Curé.

We drove in a wagonette from Pontoise on a cold wet day, with glimpses

of the river that gleamed as silver amid the trees. Along the banks the villas of the rich stand side by side with the homes of cave-dwellers, who live in the old stone quarries. On our way we scattered tracts, and gave away gospels. "Madame l'Affranchie" gave us a warm welcome; she had gathered a select circle of friends to meet us, and had made a good fire to make us warm. Near the window was an open harmonium, and a well-worn McAll hymn book opened at Madame's favorite hymn. "Oh! I am always singing it, it is so good," she said. It was Mr. Monod's translation of "Safe in the arms of Jesus" ("*Sur Toi je me repose*"). On the table was a large Bible. How strange! as I opened it I found a portrait of good Bishop Brooks, "the big man with the great heart." "You are surprised," she said, "well, that Bible was given to me in America, and I bought the good Bishop's portrait as a souvenir." Then Mrs. Matheson and I each explained a portion of Scripture, a solo and hymn were sung, and after prayer we adjourned to the dining room, where a lunch was served.

The testimony of these ladies was—great good was done by the Boat, and that the work begun ought to be continued in the village. Where, how, by whom, and when, I know not. Madame told us that when she saw the Boat filled night after night with working men, she felt like Simeon, who said: "Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

The ladies lingered to talk around the hospitable board; but our horse was waiting at the door in the rain, and at Frépillon a group of peasants were eagerly expecting us, so we had to hurry away. We took with us, in our wagonette, a very clever young lady whom we may call *La Militante* (the soldieress), who went that she might hear more of these things, and have the advantage of our ladies' talk by the way.

An open letter lies before me written some weeks after our long drive. She writes: "I don't want to remain passive in such a good work. Oh! think of me in your prayers: that God may make of me, 'Une Militante.'"

"The words of David have filled me with holy zeal: 'O Lord, give me understanding, for my lips shall utter praise, my tongue shall speak of Thy Word. Let Thy hand help me, for I have chosen Thy precepts.' " Perhaps others who may read this will pray for "*La Militante*," who is now at Mrs. Dalencourt's Home for Lady Evangelists, learning to use the weapons of our warfare.

I was surprised to learn from her that, as a girl, she had entered a convent to give herself to God. For two years she had worn the white veil, but the penitences and practices brought no peace. "Rome knows how to inflict penance, to give pain; she is powerless to give comfort," she said; "I never

knew rest until the Boat came to Auvers ; then I found peace through the Word of God."

Now, to quote her favorite Book, may the Lord "teach her hands to war, and her fingers to fight."

Our wagonette arrived at Frépillon. The farmer, his wife and daughters are awaiting us. They have filled the room with neighbors, for a cottage meeting. We must now go back to our boat at Auvers to explain this.

On Friday, 20th September, 1895, I was sitting under the shadows of the willow trees, waiting for M. Huet to start on our hot journey to Frépillon, when two ladies arrived at Beaumont, one the village schoolmistress, a convert, and also "*La Militante*," who accompanied us, and gave away our tracts by the way. On inquiring, at Merz, the way to the little hamlet, we were told to go straight on till we came to the Calvaire (the road-side cross), then turn through market gardens till we saw the church.

We did so, and arrived at the church. A woman had brought her pitcher and was drawing water from the village well. "You are seeking Lucie," she said. "Lucie!" she shouted, "Lucie! Here are the gentlemen from the Boat." Lucie ran out to greet us, excused her parents' absence in the fields, and we sat down.

"We have come to see you ; I am glad to find you alone," I said.

"You come every night so far to the Boat," Mr. Huet added.

"Oh, yes, my father or mother comes with me, and in all we are ten persons from this village."

"I don't know whether you are Protestant or Catholic," said my friend.

"My sister and I are Protestants ; my father is an unbeliever ; my mother and grandmother were Protestants and good Christians ; my step-mother is a Catholic—we are the only two Protestants in these parts."

"And you, Mademoiselle, are you a Christian like your sainted mother and grandmother?" I asked.

"Oh! no, sir? I am very unhappy—a naughty girl. I want to be a Christian. Oh! what must I do?" and she burst into tears. We remained silent in the presence of this holy sorrow, while she tried in vain to check the tears that freely flowed.

"Let the tears come, it will relieve your burdened heart ; we have passed your way before—you are very near the kingdom."

She smiled through the tears and wiped them away.

"Now," I said, turning to the schoolmistress, "Mademoiselle, you were crying at Beaumont a month ago ; tell Mlle. Lucie how your sadness was turned into joy," and with a tremulous voice she gave her simple testimony.

"Have you a Bible?" I asked the peasant girl.

She brought the marriage Bible, signed by Pastor Paumier, of Paris, her mother's pastor. For two years Mlle. Lucie had been his catechumen. The good seed sown in Paris by Pastor Paumier was watered by the mission at Auvers. God gave the increase at Frépillon that day. "Sower and reaper shall rejoice together."

She drew her chair near me, with the Word of Life between us, and followed with her eye and listened while we went through John iii.

It was the old, old story, told as to a little child; but oh! so new, so fresh, so powerful—God's good message of grace.

We came to what M. Bersier called "The gospel within the gospel," v. 16, "'Whosoever,' that's you," I said.

"Oh! I know it is, it is me."

"Does God love you?"

"Oh, yes!" only the tears flowed again, and we all remained silent until she was composed.

"Since when does God love you?"

"Oh! ever since my mother died. I know he loves me since then."

"And now you believe in His love, in Jesus' death, and in the Holy Spirit's work of regeneration. That, because He died for you, you have life?"

"Yes!"

"Then now let us praise God for His gift." So we four knelt in the farmer's best room.

Mlle. J., the schoolmistress, prayed first, very touchingly for "her dear sister," then I said, "Now you pray."

"God be pitiful to me a sinner! I have been very *méchante*, oh! do make me a"—tears stopped the words. I said, "A true Christian—a true Christian."

"I do so want to be your child—make me your child for Jesus' sake," she added.

After prayer we all stood up and sang a hymn of praise. "And now?" I asked, offering my hand. "I am happy, all is well;" the tears had ceased.

The scene that followed was most touching. The two young women fell on each other's necks, both crying, and I took Mr. Huet out with me, leaving them folded in each other's arms. As I went out I heard the words "*Ma sœur, ma sœur*." A spiritual sisterhood!

That is why the ladies came with me to Frépillon; that is why we held a meeting in the farmer's room, that the friends and neighbors might hear the good news. Since the Boat left, I have visited the villages of Persan, Auvers,

Frépillon, and Cergy. Everywhere the Boat has left fruit. A light has been kindled, a fire has been lit.

During the session from 21st April to 13th December we have visited nine places. The distance covered has not been great ; perhaps in all, about forty miles, with the windings of the river. Yes, the time has passed all too quickly.

S. R. B.

CERGY.

We have had a most interesting week at the village of Cergy (Oise).

The first day at Cergy was marked by an unusual occurrence. The *bedeau* of the Catholic Church came on board during our absence, bringing with him a small silver vessel and brush, and asked the young lady who was in charge if she desired holy water on the boat. Although he received a negative reply, as soon as Mlle. — had gone to her room, the man began conscientiously sprinkling the Boat, mumbling some prayers in Latin, doubtless with a view to blessing, or perhaps exorcising her ; and then walked contentedly away.

A good hour before the regular time for the meeting, crowds of people were gathered on the banks of the river, and we felt obliged to let them come in. The Boat was filled in less than five minutes ; Monsieur le Curé also came on board and attended the meetings regularly during the three weeks that the Boat remained at Cergy.

The interest increased daily ; the people came in great numbers, standing even on the stern and the little bridge, when the Boat was filled, and to the last day of the Mission showed the same eagerness to hear the old, old story. We have good reason to believe that many accepted salvation. Many hymn-books were sold, as well as New Testaments.

A. QUEHEN.

JOUY-LE-MONTIER.

On Tuesday evening, before seven o'clock, a crowd had gathered near the Boat, waiting for admission. At seven the people were allowed to come in, and at ten minutes past, every available seat being occupied, and the doorway being blocked, we began the meeting. At the close thirteen francs' worth of Testaments and hymn-books were bought ; two Bibles were also sold.

Yesterday, at *half-past six*, in the darkness and the damp, the crowd was impatiently waiting at the entrance ; and at seven the Boat was literally invaded ; the people poured in and took possession of every nook and corner, women and boys sat on the platform, several sat on each other's knees, and the bridge, the deck, and the passage between the benches, right up to the platform, were full of standing men, women and children, who had to remain in that position more than one hour. We had to begin at seven. At the close, we

sold seventy-five francs' worth of Testaments, hymn books and Bibles ! Four large Bibles were purchased. While speaking I dared not move, not to knock those at my elbows and at my heels ! As the people went out the doorkeeper counted two hundred and twenty-four, and how many listeners there were outside we could not tell, but all the windows were left open for late comers to be able to hear.

Some were heard to say that they must come at six o'clock to secure a seat ; others said, " we shall bring our food with us, so as to be in good time."

Several persons came forward to thank the speaker, and one said, " we could spend the whole night here."

The audience was composed of hardy, healthy-looking country folks, broad-shouldered, round-faced, ruddy-cheeked men and women, noisy and blustering as they took their seats, but silent and eager while listening. I don't think I saw one man wearing a tie, or one woman wearing a bonnet or hat among them. There are no more large Bibles left on board. The following evening there were over 230 crowded in !

S. H. ANDERSON.

FOR THE BLIND.

Much has been done of late years for the blind. Those that rejoice in good works cannot but be in sympathy with the efforts that are made, notably by the Valentin Hauery Association, to procure for the unfortunate ones who are bereft of sight, not only material aid, but intellectual enjoyment by well written newspapers and reviews, written in raised type, which are put at their service by means of a circulating library. In spite of the interest of the promoters of these good deeds these things cost too much for some of the afflicted. There is another void, in our eyes, still more serious. It is that while the Roman Catholic blind have for their use the numerous works published by the "Blind Sisters of St. Paul," or by the Brothers of *Saint Jean de Dieu*, the library above referred to contains absolutely no evangelical books.

This made us consider the plan of making something special for the blind attached to our church. From divers directions the need has been manifested, and we have had the happiness to meet some who have become thoroughly interested in this, and are willing to charge themselves with this work. Under this initiative several persons are already employed in copying in relief (Braille system) articles of interest, little books, and tracts. These publications will be sent out periodically like a magazine or newspaper, to all the blind who can read, and whose addresses we have. The papers are to be returned after reading, and sent out again, so that in a certain time all our subscribers will have been able to read the same articles.

LOUIS BIAU.

MISS DE BROËN'S BELLEVILLE MISSION, PARIS.

This is, perhaps, one of the best known efforts of foreigners to bring spiritual aid to the French people. In nearly every English-speaking country Miss De Broën's Iron Room has been heard of. In the early days of the McAll Mission the relations between Miss De Broën and Dr. McAll were most friendly, and at a later period her work, though entirely local, was found so well adapted to meet the needs of that district, that one of the stations of the Mission near the Iron Room was closed, and the field left entirely to her. This field was Belleville, which became notorious during the Commune, as it was there that the Communists made their last stand against the Republican troops, and whence they were shelled out from the height of Montmartre.

In the month of June, 1871, Miss De Broën accompanied some friends to Paris, helping in the work of relief being then carried on. They visited Belleville the day after the execution of some hundreds of Communists, and then it was that the idea of staying behind to work among the women and children in such dire misery and wretchedness presented itself to Miss De Broën.

Very soon she began the work, first in a room attached to the Protestant schools of the parish, placed at her disposal by Pastor Robin. The first plan was to organize sewing meetings for the women, that they might thus earn something to keep them from starvation, and be brought under the influence of the Gospel.

The work soon took root, and meetings of various kinds were opened. In 1873 a Medical Mission was started, and for many years it was a most blessed instrument in bringing the Gospel to many hundreds annually. Patients came to it from all parts of Paris, and from many districts around the city. In the year 1888 over twenty-four thousand presences were registered. Unfortunately, this work has had to be discontinued for the past four years, owing to lack of funds.

Miss De Broën opened a small orphanage for girls, and the headquarters of the Mission were established in an iron room, in the Rue Bolivar, Belleville, where they are still. Meetings have also been held, as occasion offered, in the neighborhood outside the fortifications, but the main part of the work has been, and is still, in Belleville.

Many Christian ladies have wrought in this promising field, and for many years the late Miss Ker was the devoted helper of Miss De Broën.

The office of the Mission is situated at 205 Rue St. Honoré, near the Louvre, where is also a boarding-house and temperance restaurant, and place of call for strangers in Paris.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

We have before given some account of the working of the Christian Endeavor Societies in France. It is a day of small things at present, but the work is taking hold. There are several societies established in the Mission, and we give now some account of two of them.

AT MONTREUIL-SUR-BOIS,

one of the poorer districts immediately outside Paris, a little Christian Endeavor Society has been formed this year. M. Marc Regert, its President, gives the following sketch of a gathering recently held by it :

“ On Monday, 18th November, the members of the Christian Endeavor Society invited the members of the Fraternal Society to the Hall to a social evening. The Hall was completely changed in appearance for the occasion. Five small tables were arranged, each covered with a neat tablecloth, and having a lamp, elegantly shaded. The guests, when entering, gathered round the tables, on which were arranged various pictures, etc. One of the invited guests was so amazed at the transformation of the familiar meeting-room that she could scarcely be persuaded to enter! She could not believe that it had been expressly prepared to receive her and her friends.

At 8.30 a cup of tea was handed round, and after singing a hymn, the President explained that the purpose of the meeting was that the two Societies should get to know each other, the old and the young. They were working at different times in the same Hall, for the same Master, and it seemed good that from time to time they should meet together and encourage each other.

Then followed several hymns and recitations, interspersed with pieces on the flute and organ, etc., all of which seemed much appreciated.

M. Galtier, the conductor of the Fraternal Society, added a few words of cheer and exhortation; and after singing and prayer the little company separated, with hearty greetings, each taking away as a souvenir a little bunch of flowers.

A few details concerning the Society may be of interest. It was founded by two members of the Society of the Church of St. Marie (Pastor Theodore Monod's), which in its turn was founded by some of the members of the Bercy Mission Church Society (Mr. Greig's). It has eleven members, three young men and eight young women. Most of them are employed in a paper factory, and they have often much to suffer from their companions in witnessing for Christ. One of the young men, a rag-picker (a class very numerous at Montreuil), has to be at his work at three o'clock in the morning.

All are teachers in the Sunday-school, and when able to do so, they help

also in the Thursday school, which is superintended by the President of the Christian Endeavor Society. They assist the children in their homes, give away tracts, etc. They lead the singing at the evening meetings, and the young women's meeting is under the charge of one of the members.

They have recently decided to begin Gospel Temperance work in the Hall. The first meeting was held on the 20th December. All are working heartily, and we trust that these new efforts will be the means of blessing to many.

We may add that the cost of the little *fête* above mentioned, about two dollars and a quarter, was defrayed entirely by the members of the Christian Endeavor Society.

The Temperance work above alluded to is that of *La Croix Bleue*, the Temperance Society of France. Our halls are very hospitable to this society; many of them are the headquarters of its branches. The benefit is naturally a mutual one, for the class of people who attend our meetings is the class which most needs strengthening against the allurements of drink.

NICE.

It is a long way from Montreuil to Nice. Here M. Biau has formed a Christian Endeavor Society, adapting it to the special needs of his work. Nice is not the easiest sphere of labor, as may be imagined, and the measure of the blessing given is much to be thankful for in that difficult corner of the field.

M. Biau has two classes in his Society, full members and adherents. The former are those who make full profession of faith in Christ as their Saviour, while the latter do not do so. There are now thirty active members, each having some share in the work. They do a great deal of visiting among the poor, which has been much blessed. One of the members is a permanent invalid in a hospital, and there she has her work around her.

Then there is the little fund gathered to help the poor. It is distributed mostly in kind, thus avoiding the reproach so often made that we seek to bribe the people amongst whom we work.

The meetings are most helpful and cheering, and they prove occasions of much blessing to the members. The other day a young man said before all that he must speak of what he had received. He had been brought to Christ by the meeting in the Hall, and at that fraternal meeting he had found the food his soul needed.

At the Annual Meeting there were over sixty present. Often there are over forty at the regular meetings.

At Cagnes, near to Nice, M. Biau is also hoping soon to have a Christian Endeavor Society started.

THE TOWER OF CONSTANCE.

The Tower of Constance has become celebrated on account of the terrible sufferings that the Protestant women endured, for conscience' sake, in its dark halls, for over sixty years. It stands in the City of Aigues-Mortes, whose walls, built in the thirteenth century under Louis IX, better known as Saint Louis, are in a perfect state of preservation. They are sixteen feet thick at the base and thirty-three feet high. They form a perfect rectangle. Sixteen towers were designed to defend them in case of attack, and ten gates give access to the town, which now contains 4,000 inhabitants. It is said to have sheltered 10,000 more during its golden age, when it was a sea port, and played an important part in the history of France. Without going into its history, we may state that Aigues-Mortes boasts not only of having had Saint Louis within its walls, but of being the port from which he sailed for Palestine with 60,000 Crusaders, gathered from all parts of Europe, all bent on recovering the possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

We had at once distinguished the Tower of Constance from the others, on account of its great size and its standing out as it does, at one of the corners of these rectangular walls. It is two hundred feet in circumference, the walls being twenty feet thick from top to foundations, and it measures one hundred and fifty feet in height, being crowned by a turret, which serves as a light-house when necessary. It was built as a place of refuge in case the town was taken, and perhaps there is no other structure of the kind in the world better adapted to purposes of protection. The tower, however, has principally served for a prison, and it is as such that we consider it in this sketch.

We enter this massive and frowning pile, led by an old soldier, who performs admirably for us the office of cicerone, and are shown, first, the *Salle des Gardes*. It is circular, twenty-eight feet in diameter, with a lofty arched ceiling. It is dimly lighted by four narrow loop-holes (*meurtrières*), and an opening in the centre of the ceiling through which descend a few rays from the upper hall. Our attention is attracted by a large fireplace such as is found in many an old castle, with an oven to bake bread for those who might take refuge there, or for prisoners barred within these walls. In the centre of this hall is an iron trap-door, which our guide raises up to allow us to look into the dark room below, which, said our guide, was originally used for storage, giving us to understand it had served also as *oubliettes*. Nothing can be seen, but we recoil in horror when we think for what purpose this dreadful place was used. We fancy we can hear the groans of the dying, and see the bodies of the unburied dead.

We are then led by a winding stairway to the hall above, the same

as the first in size and general appearance. It is called *La Salles des Chevaliers*. One hundred and twenty women, most of them belonging to the nobility and middle class, were imprisoned in this hall from 1701 to 1767. The only light granted these poor victims penetrated into their sad abode through an opening in the roof. So dark was it that some of these heroic women became blind. Their bed consisted of straw over a stone floor; their food was simply bread and water, for which the government had the meanness of extorting pay from their friends.

These women were condemned to prison for life for being found at Protestant worship, or for having opened their houses for religious meetings, or been married by a pastor. The reports of their trials are still found in the Archives of Nîmes, Montpellier and Alais. A sentence pronounced by one of these Courts may serve as a specimen: "We condemn the said Charrier, found guilty of having called and been present at the said unlawful meetings—to have her head shaved, and to be imprisoned in the Tower of Constance for the rest of her life, her house situated at Derovéce to be razed to its foundation, and her property to be confiscated for the benefit of his Majesty, the third part of the same being given to her children, if she has any. We condemn the said Charrier to all the expenses of the trial." No other accusation is laid against these women but that of having transgressed the cruel laws of persecution, decreed by a miserable king under the inspiration of the Jesuits.

We cannot describe, we cannot even imagine, the terrible sufferings of these martyrs. During sixty-four years, the Tower of Constance was sometimes filled with them, and the inscriptions on the walls tell the story of their patience and faith. There is one of these inscriptions that deserves particular mention, for it shows a fortitude and resolution which God alone can give. It is found on the stone around the opening in the floor of the upper hall. She who engraved it was certainly a Christian heroine. Marie Durand (her name deserves to be known the world over), cut with some instrument on that stone the word *RÉCISTEZ*. And when the agents of Rome came to induce these Christian confessors to abjure their faith, as the price of liberty, this noble confessor would seat herself on the stone containing the inscription, and with her right hand point silently to the inspiring word *RÉCISTEZ*! This, indeed, was a short exhortation, but it proved effectual, for it encouraged and strengthened these noble women, so that, rather than obtain their release at the cost of their faith, they preferred to resist the allurements of their enemies, and suffer unto death.

The hour of deliverance came finally in 1767; but alas! only fourteen had survived their long years of suffering; these blessed the Prince de Beauveau, the commandant of the Languedoc, when, with a voice thrilled with the deepest

emotion, he proclaimed to them the good news of their release. This Catholic nobleman, at the earnest solicitation of Paul Rabaut, one of the noble and heroic pastors of the "Désert," went to visit the Tower of Constance, accompanied by the Chevalier de Boufflers. He was authorized to liberate only three of the prisoners. But when he beheld the heart-rending condition of these women, he could not restrain his emotion, and called out to them: "YOU ARE ALL FREE!" His friend remonstrated with him, telling him that he was overstepping the bounds of his authority. He replied: "Never mind;" and turning to the poor prisoners, he repeated his words of deliverance. And they were all freed!

In his report to the Government of Louis XV, the Prince de Beauveau said: "Justice and humanity pleaded equally for these unfortunates. I did not allow myself to choose among them, and, after they had left the Tower, I walled up the entrance in the hope that it would never again be opened for prisoners on account of their religious faith." He added: "The King can take away from me the command it has pleased him to give me, but he cannot prevent me from fulfilling my duties according to my conscience and my feelings." The Prince, who had been threatened with losing his command on account of his noble conduct towards the poor victims of persecution, was not even censured, a fact which shows that the era of liberty was then beginning to dawn in France.

We were much moved as we heard from our guide the mournful, and yet inspiring, story of these noble Christian women. We knew it before, but coming from the lips of this old soldier, who, although not a descendant of the Huguenots, entered so fully into the spirit of his subject, the soul-stirring narrative deeply touched our hearts. We were thankful to be privileged to visit the renowned tower, and thought of the blessed influence which is constantly flowing from that old prison, now transfigured into a hallowed sanctuary, to which repair pilgrims from all parts of the world. These female confessors and martyrs can never be forgotten. They still live, and will continue to live in history as women of the highest type, the everlasting honor of their sex, as well as the glory of the Christian profession. They have been dead, it is true, over a century, and yet they speak to us to-day of faith, of patience, of endurance, and of the purest Christian heroism.

Time and man have respected the inscription of Marie Durand. The engraved word, *RÉCISTEZ*, I read with the deepest emotion, and I pray that it may remain as long as the tower stands, the fitting motto of the persecuted Huguenots, and the inspiring watchword of their descendants, the partakers of a glorious inheritance.

REV. NARCISSE CYR.

NOTE.—In the summer of 1889, while Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bracq were

abroad, they visited not only the various McAll Mission stations in France, but this famous Tower of Constance, where they saw the word "*Récistez*" (*Résistez*) which Marie Durand engraved with a knitting needle on the stone floor of the dungeon. As she could only work at certain hours of the day, when the light fell upon the spot, she was *two years and three months* in finishing this word of *eight letters*. But her labor was not in vain, for this word, added to her influence, became such an inspiration, that only twenty of her imprisoned sisters afterwards recanted, and thereby regained their liberty. Some were incarcerated from 10 to 20 years, but Marie Durand was there 43 years, her father and lover dying in behalf of the same faith in other prisons in France. It is interesting to know that she was finally liberated, and that some of her letters are still preserved.

HERE AND THERE.

ANNUAL MEETINGS AT ROCHEFORT.

The meetings held last All Saints' Day were well attended. Several friends from the neighborhood were present, including Pastor Laroche, of Rochefort. The meetings began with a prayer-meeting, in which special mention was made of the difficulties through which the Mission is now passing. The morning meeting was occupied with the study of the subject of "*Quenching the Spirit.*"

After taking lunch together, provided for the large gathering by Mme Dürrleman, we met again at two o'clock for another time of Bible study and waiting upon God. The subject chosen was "*The Sower.*" The assembly seemed much struck by the remark of the friend who introduced the subject, that the first thing the sower does is *to go out of his house*. Did not Jesus Christ the great Sower leave His home to come down and sow in the world? A good sower must first go up to the store-room and fill his bag with the good seed; then he can go forth. The store-room is the Bible, the seed the Word of God. What should we think of a sower who should go forth with an empty sack? Fancy him going through all the movements of one who was sowing, walking up and down the furrows, and seeming to scatter the grain, while all the while he had nothing in his sack! Yet these sowers seem surprised that they reap no harvest for all their toil!

Others, instead of going to the Master's storehouse, seek the seed in other directions; they go to their own store, or to their neighbor's, or to wise and learned men who have only "*the wisdom of the world.*" All such seed is without this essential, the living germ, and as they sow lifeless seed they can reap no harvest.

The evening meeting was well filled, every chair being occupied. The subject was "The Bible teaching on Holiness of Life."

The day thus was well filled, and all seemed greatly to have profited by the meetings.

H. J. BENHAM.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION, ETC., ON ALL SAINTS' DAY.

This is the day in the year when in Paris, and in every city in France, the cemeteries are thronged with visitors going to place a *courronne* or bunch of flowers on the graves of their departed friends. The occasion is an excellent one for the distribution of tracts and gospels, and many avail themselves of it. This year, together with the workers of *l'Œuvre des Affligés* (founded by Pastor Armand Delille, and now conducted by Pastor Hirsch), our friends helped in giving away 15,200 gospel portions and some 66,000 tracts. Three halls were hired or borrowed in which meetings were held throughout the day near to the cemeteries, besides the meetings held at St. Ouen and at Pantin in the permanent halls.

At Boulogne-sur-mer, St. Etienne, Rochefort, Lyons, and Nice, there were also large distributions made.

MONTREUIL-SOUS-BOIS.

There is a band of young men belonging to the church at Vincennes who seek to do what is in their power to help the poor suffering people during the winter months. By collecting throughout the year two sous per week from various friends they were able to raise, with a few special contributions, 150 francs, with which they distributed 11,000 basins of soup at twelve meetings held in the Mission Hall at Montreuil. The Y. W. C. A. of the Hall gave their willing help, and thus from 180 to 200 poor, hungry people were fed twelve times during the bitter cold of last winter. Some of the guests consumed many basins of the soup, one even no less than twelve. At each meeting gospel addresses were given and many hymns sung, and we hear of cases of conversion from these special meetings.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—It must be remembered that the conditions of poverty in France are very different from those in this country. There is by no means the same danger of "pauperizing" the poor of France by such distributions of soup as might exist in this country. There are few foreigners in France, wages are excessively low and food exceedingly dear. Enough has been told our readers in former numbers of the RECORD to make them understand the bitter poverty of many of the self-respecting people of that country and their brave patience under privation.]

DRUNKARD AND GAMBLER.

BY PROFESSOR BERTRAND.

A contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and I crossed the flower market of the Madeleine, Paris, when we met the wife of a pastor whose daughter was dying of consumption. Hoping that a bouquet of white lilac would please the girl, I bought one and gave it to the mother. A workman very neatly dressed crossed the Boulevard and said: "If you please, M. Bertrand, allow me to bring the bouquet to the lady's house." Thinking that he was a porter, I did not answer. My friend said to me: "Observe that he calls you by your name." I turned and asked the man how he knew me. "You remember," said he, "your giving lectures at the Salle Boulevard Ornano (now the Boulevard Barbés). At that time I was the greatest drunkard of that district and an incorrigible gambler. One cold evening, being penniless, I strolled along the Boulevard, when I heard people singing in the hall. I tried to see through the curtains, when a neighbor said: 'Halloo, Jacques! what are you doing here?' 'Nothing; I am penniless, and cannot go to the bar *l'Espérance*. Is this place a dancing-room?' 'No, it is a *salle de conférences*.' 'Conferences! What is that?' 'Come in, and you will know.'

"I went in to hear you speak on 'The Joys of the Family.' After fifteen minutes I had enough of you, and went away murmuring: 'That speaker is evidently an old priest or an old bachelor; he never had a wife or children. Well, I know the joys of the family better than he does. I take daily one single meal with my worst half, leave immediately after, return as late as I can, leave in the morning as early as I can, and we find plenty of time for quarreling. She unceasingly complains that I do not give her money for the children; so much the worse for her and the children. She insists that I drink and gamble too much; so much the better for me. I patch my clothes and wash my linen, when I can and as I can, because she refuses to help me so long as I do nothing for her. I am the poorest of all poor, with only one shirt; and when I wash it, with no shirt. I cut the top of my socks, sewed them on the top of my boots, to make my companions believe that I wear socks, but I have indeed no socks. When I leave the house the policeman threatens me because my boys are mischievous. Well, I suppose that is because they receive more boxes on the ear than pieces of bread—these are the joys of the family and the beauty of present society.'

"A fortnight after, penniless again, I met on the same boulevard my neighbor, who said: 'Why did you leave the conference so quickly?' 'Because I could no longer listen to the trash of that old priest.' 'He is not a priest, but

a layman.' 'Well, he has no wife and children, or he would not be as ignorant as he is.' 'He has a wife and children.' 'Never mind, he knows nothing about the joys of the family.' 'Well, what can you do this cold evening? Come in again, warm yourself, do not listen to the speaker, and when the meeting is over we will go home together.'

'I went in and you spoke on 'The Workman.' 'Workmen,' you said, 'my father had one hundred of you. I was somewhat educated on your knees, and therefore I know you. If you belong to such a class of workmen, you gain so much a day, you spend so much for your breakfast, so much for your lunch and dinner, so much a day for your room.' When I heard you say that I murmured, 'That fellow is not a priest, but he is a Jesuit, for he knows everything we do.' But you went on: 'Now, my friends, subtract what you spend from what you gain, and do not tell me, because I know it, what you do with the rest. You go to *l'Espérance* to drink and drink, gamble and gamble. I cannot convert you; God alone can do it. Every Saturday evening you go to your *patron* for your weekly pay, which you honestly deserve. I have been working a whole year for you, and this evening I ask you to pay me in this way. To-morrow evening, at *l'Espérance*, look not in the first glass, for there may be nothing, but in your last glass, and you will be quite surprised to see your health and the health of your family, on which I spoke three weeks ago; your happiness and the happiness of your family, on which I spoke two weeks ago. Then look at the bottom of the glass, and you will see your soul and the souls of your dear ones, swimming and swimming toward eternal damnation, on which I spoke last week. I have served you faithfully for a whole year; if you do not pay me in that easy way, then I shall think that each of you is far more unjust than any one of your bosses.' * * * When I heard this I got up, and with rage slammed violently the door, shouting, '*That speaker is a horrid man!*' On my way, I said to myself, 'Who is he? Who are those four hundred fools who patiently listen to him? What is his aim? What does he mean when he says, "*Workmen, show me a workman who reads the Gospel with his wife and children 365 times a year, and I promise you to bring here a happy family?*" The Gospel is probably a book. Why should I read it 365 times, and not 368 or 350 times? Read it with my wife 365 times! * * * surely that would be no joy for me.'

"However, when I reached my miserable home, I said: 'Wife, you must come and hear that man.' 'What man?' 'A priest without a cassock.' 'My poor drunkard!' said my wife, and left me.

"On the next day I went to *l'Espérance*, drank, gambled and lost. I was going to take my last glass, when I remembered your words, 'Ah!' said I,

'there is *the famous last glass*. Oh, ho ! it contains a great many things. My health, the health of my bad wife and of my bad children, my happiness and their happiness, my soul and their souls. * * * What is a soul? Have I a soul? I am surely not superstitious, for I am a free-thinker, an atheist, a socialist; * * * no, I am an anarchist, and ready to blow out the brains of my boss, if I ever meet him away from a policeman or a witness. However, that glass contains too many things. I cannot drink.'

"On the next day I said: 'That horrid man made me lose a glass of wine; if I go to the bar this morning I am sure to lose another. It is better to wait.' On the third day God laid hold of me. He placed the glass on my way, on my tools, on my table—everywhere. The Saturday evening came, and not knowing what to do with my money, I said: 'Wife, here is money for you and your children.'

"My wife, who had anxiously followed the struggle during the week, came close to me, with tears in her eyes, and exclaimed: 'I want to see your priest without a cassock, and hear his conference.' We went to hear your address on 'Christ, the Friend of the Workman.' Since then you have left, but we go every week to the same hall.

"Now, if you want to have a proof of the Gospel's power, and if some evening you pass through such a street, before such a number, come up, and you will see two nicely furnished rooms, while formerly all had gone to the wine shop; you will see the father, the mother, and children round a table; they read the Gospel together 365 times a year. Those children receive now more pieces of bread than boxes on the ears. That wife is the very best of all French wives; she does everything possible to please me. I no longer patch my own clothes, I have socks and even gloves, and in spite of all those expenses we have some money at the savings bank.

"If I could deliver lectures or sermons, I would go from factory to factory and prove to workmen that the Gospel is not only the guide to heaven, but also to happiness and prosperity in this world, because it is the most practical of all books on social economy. Rich and poor, will you have a good wife, good children, good neighbors? read the Gospel with them 365 times a year. Will you have a peaceful, prosperous, and glorious France? give the Gospel to every Frenchman, the Gospel to every French family, the Gospel to every French priest, and let them read it 365 times a year."—*Missions of the World*.

HOLIDAY CELEBRATIONS.

We are just now in the midst of our annual *fêtes*. Sunday was our *Agapé Chrétienne*; yesterday, the Mothers' Meeting at Les Ternes (Salle Beach); to-morrow the Christmas-tree at Salle New York.

There has been a series of festive gatherings, and the burden of our message has been: "Fear not; we bring you glad tidings." Three times we have filled the galleries in New York Hall, and to-morrow we expect a crush. The young men's and young women's "Unions" gave a literary and musical evening, under the direction of Mr. Leroy, the blind President of Salle New York's Young Men's Christian Association, whom I saw decorating the room with the flags of all nations. The meeting was a success; four hundred and ten persons were present. Pastor Couve filled the Hall with his Christmas-tree. I gave an illustrated lecture on the "Pilgrim's Progress," with the help of our Young Women's Christian Association, who sang well; four hundred persons came, and many were Jews. The Mothers' Meeting *fête* (Mrs. Le Gay's) was on Christmas Day. Pastor and Mrs. Thurber, and many ladies from the American Church, were present. Mrs. Thurber distributed the warm clothes they had made for the poor. It was a bright, happy Christmas gathering of one hundred and seventy women. Two hundred attend the ordinary meetings. Now I come to the *Clou des Fêtes*, the annual gatherings of our adult Bible Classes, and the Prayer and Bible Union of New York Hall. Oh! How I wish I could cheer you as we were cheered at that *Agapé Chrétienne*, held on the first Sunday of the New Year. After the New Year's sermon, and outsiders had retired, we had a cup of coffee and a *brioche* to encourage the family feeling, then praise, and prayer, and testimony. The first speaker was the Director of the Old People's Asylum, "*Asile Monod des époux réunis.*" We read his letter; he told us how sad and dark he came to Rivoli Hall, and what light and life it brought; that he was born there at 70 years of age, and now, at the head of the Old Folks' Home, with thirty-two old children, he was seconding Mrs. Monod's efforts to lead them to God. His letter is before me, too long to quote. The school-mistress came from Trappes. Her face was a sermon. "For twenty years I suffered; my heart was broken; I gave up in despair, when a Mission Boat came to Persan. 'Shall I go?' I said; 'What is the good?' Well, I went. Oh! that sermon on 'We have redemption thro' His blood.' I asked the Pastor to come and see me. Peace, joy, filled me. Oh! dear friends, I am so happy, so full of joy; now I believe Jesus. I have abolished the foolish prayer to the Virgin the children said in my school, and now they say after me: 'Our Father, who art in Heaven.' They say it with such reverence, with so much feeling. You must pray for me and my forty-two girls,

for I have the parish priest against me." Then a young man got up, a student who is "*Bachelier ès-lettres*." "I am not an orator," he said: "I cannot talk; but I must say something; I must confess Jesus Christ," and then he told how a Free-thinker had become a believer, and what good it had done him to attend the Bible Class. Some were too much affected to talk, so they did the next best thing—wept, and others prayed. A fortune-teller, Madame Leclair, spoke of the change brought about in her and her mother. But I cannot remember all the good words we heard that day. Mlle. Abric said many were very near the Kingdom, and prayed that they might enter that day.

Here is a letter read at the meeting, sent from a "wee village." It reads: "DEAR PASTOR:—God has been generous to me this year, 1895. He would not allow me to sink into the pit, the mire and clay, where I was. Oh! how I thank Him and praise Him for His love towards me, a great sinner. God has done great things for me since I am His, and for my family. My sister is now in a Christian family where the master prays and madame reads the Bible. Will God answer my prayer for my dear sister? What consolation, what happiness to love Jesus—this I feel every day. You will be glad to learn a meeting was held in this 'wee village,' that all the municipal authorities were present, and at their request another will be held there on the 20th of January." The *conferencier* is M. Laboreau, the evangelist of St. Germain. I was invited, but could not go."

Mlle. Cyboule, the converted nun (*La Militante*), was present, but did not speak until we were taking tea together after the meeting. Then she told us of her plans, her studies to be a lady evangelist, of her conversion to God. Mme Dalencourt tells me she is very gifted, and expects that she will make a grand worker. We have one fear about her. It is the danger that this gifted woman will get spoiled. She always attracts a good deal of attention.

CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Miss Beard has gathered into the Sunday-school of Salle New York, a rough element of boys, many of them Jews, and not of the better sort, so we were anxious about this rowdy element of big boys who had a right to come to the fête, but were not entitled to receive any gifts. Then our tree is one of the shows of the Christmas season, some dozen ladies come from the American Church to dress it, and a large number of American friends, residents in Paris, or visitors, come to see the distribution of the gifts that they have helped to make. So we must be on our best behavior. Well, it went off splendidly. The tree was a thing of beauty, most tastefully dressed, and brilliantly illuminated by 200 candles. The singing was good. Messieurs Monod and Greig

gave us good stories for children, and during the distribution of presents, all went off quietly and well. So that after receiving congratulations from visitors from various parts of America, and from Dr. and Mrs. Thurber, we congratulated ourselves, shaking hands all round, saying, "It has been a great success."

We are a united band, contented, happy, hopeful, trusting that we are going to have a very happy New Year. If not too late let me pass on the good wishes that have been repeated hundreds of times in our Hall: "*Je vous la souhaite bonne et heureuse.*"

S. R. B.

PARIS, January 8, 1896.

THE Committee of the Mission has authorized the National Church at Grenoble to open a popular hall in a neighboring quarter of the city. The rent for one year is provided by a friend. The members of the Church have furnished the hall, provided the nucleus of a library, and undertake to do *all* the work of the hall, carry on meetings, etc. The only expenses falling upon our committee were the very small expenses of putting the place in order, and the occasional fee of a speaker. The hall was to be opened on the 15th of January. It is the only place of worship in the populous quarter of Javell in the important city of Grenoble.

The opening of this hall under these circumstances means much. In the first place, it is very significant that a regularly-established church, such as that of Grenoble, being moved to undertake Mission work in a populous quarter of its city, and willing to provide funds and workers, should apply to the McAll Mission for "authority" to do so. No doubt the relations of the Mission with the Government are such as to make this the simplest method of procuring the necessary permission to undertake a new branch of religious work. If this is the case, as this incident appears to show, how cogent an argument for the continuance of our Mission, against those who affirm that its time of usefulness is past, and the French churches should be left to carry on the work which Mr. McAll inaugurated. And what an answer to those who have more than hinted at jealousy between French churches and the Mission, as if the Mission took too much upon itself! For that matter, no better proof of the feeling of French Protestants toward the McAll Mission need be asked for than the fact that within six weeks after the necessity of closing stations on account of the deficit was made known, French Protestants had subscribed \$5,000 to the cause!

FRENCH ANARCHIST AND THE GOSPEL.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. BERTRAND, PARIS.

TRICOT.

Some time ago, when I was giving a religious lecture in the south of France, a man exclaimed, "Lecturer, you do not believe what you say, for you know that the Church is the mother of iniquities, and religion the art of making fools of ourselves." Ten people shouted back, "*Tricot, va à la lutte !*" ("Tricot, to the struggle !").

Three or four years later I received a letter, signed Tricot. The writer related that he was formerly the editor of *The Struggle* (*La Lutte*). At once I remembered the man and the newspaper. Tricot was the most violent writer and lecturer that we were afflicted with. Once, on the tombs of the victims of a mine, near St. Étienne, he advised all workpeople to gather during night, in order to burn all the houses of the rich and to murder their proprietors. For that he was condemned to two years' imprisonment, after which he edited another paper called *The International*—more violent still than *The Struggle*.

One day a sympathizer said to him, "Tricot, if we had men as devoted as the disciples of that man, Jesus Christ, they would go throughout France, preach our Gospel to workpeople, and, ten years after, the whole nation would be converted to what we prudently call 'Revolutionary Socialism,' though we mean the overthrow of society. But the disciples of Christ have for their motto, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' while ours is 'Charity begins and ends at home;' with such a principle we cannot succeed." "But," shouted Tricot, "that is not my principle, and I will prove it.

The next day he bought an old omnibus, an old horse, put his wife and children in the omnibus, left his paper and his town. He had resolved to go throughout the whole of France, lecturing from place to place, and selling revolutionary pamphlets.

At St. Jean-du-Gard he received a letter from a lady, saying, "M. Tricot, I want very much to see you to-morrow; meanwhile, read first this letter, and then this extraordinary pamphlet, called

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

I also am a Socialist. I also deplore the sight of Lazarus by the side of the cruel rich man—the poor never thinking of justice, but hating the rich, and coveting their riches. Believe me, you will not conciliate the two parties, nor subvert the rich with powder, dynamite, or knife, but with love for the rich, and for the poor. Our motto ought to be that of the author of 'The Sermon on the Mount'—'*Love thy neighbor as thyself.*' "

Tricot read her letter, and was astounded, for that lady knew more than himself about Socialism. Then he read the famous pamphlet. At every verse he stopped to say, "Whoever wrote such glorious sentences? I never read anything as sublime as that." . . .

His reading was interrupted by the visit of a *compagnon* (member of his Socialist society) who said, "Ah! Tricot, I am in great trouble, and I come for advice. My daughter is ready to pass her examination at the Medical Faculty, but I must pay the 200 francs, and I cannot find them." "Why!" replied Tricot, "you a Socialist, and you cannot find 200 francs among all your *compagnons*! Go to Cette, speak to the Municipal Counsellors, who are all Socialists, and they will lend you 400 francs, if you like."

The man returned to say: "Would you believe that I saw every counsellor, and that every one and all sent me away as a beggar who could never pay them back? Their principle is: 'Charity begins and ends at home.' " "So," replied Tricot, "you and I have learned what our *compagnons* are. Did you not tell me that you were born a Protestant?" "Yes, but that means nothing, for I am an atheist." "Never mind, go and see your pastor." "*My pastor*! but I hate him, and my wife insulted him last week." "So much the better. I have been told that your pastor reads at church a part of this, 'The Sermon on the Mount.' If he really reads it and believes what he reads, go to him and he will help you *in spite of* you and your wife. * * * No, no, that is not the spirit of 'The Sermon on the Mount;' he will help you more surely *because* you hate him and *because* your wife insulted him. He belongs to a very peculiar branch of Socialists."

The man went to Pastor Benoist, of Cette, who ran to the Dean of the Faculty to tell him, "That father is certainly the worst French Protestant and the worst of our citizens; his wife is certainly worse than her husband. But they have a daughter; you, I, and my good people must save her, because her parents are too bad for her."

When Tricot heard that the money was found, and that the girl had passed successfully, he read again and again the pamphlet, "The Sermon on the Mount," and at last shouted, "No, the author of that book is not a man, He must be God Himself! I believe in the author of 'The Sermon on the Mount.' Christ of Calvary, I have been told that Thou art the Author, I believe in Thee!"

The next day Tricot burned all his pamphlets on socialism and anarchy, bought a great many copies of the *new* pamphlet, "Sermon on the Mount," and said, "Wife, I mean hereafter to lecture on that book only. Let us travel as before."

Tricot is now an agent of the *Société Evangélique de Genève*.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

FROM NOVEMBER 15, 1895, TO JANUARY 15, 1896.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, \$1.00.

Dover—S. Robitsek \$1 00

VERMONT, \$10.00.

St. Johnsbury—Mrs. Horace Fairbanks . . \$10 00

MASSACHUSETTS, \$782.82

Amherst Auxiliary—Mrs. W. F. Stearns

School \$50 00

Blackstone—Rev. and Mrs. L. M. Pierce . 5 00

Boston Auxiliary 525 00

Holyoke—Second Congregational Church 50 82

Northbridge—First " " 7 00

Uxbridge—Mrs. D. P. Atherton 10 00

Worcester Auxiliary. 135 00

CONNECTICUT, \$10.00

Norfolk Congregational Church \$10 00

NEW YORK, \$322.25.

Buffalo Auxiliary \$26 25

Ithaca—Union Miss. Society 34 00

New York Auxiliary 262 00

NEW JERSEY, \$355.60.

Bloomfield—First Presbyterian Church . \$70 85

Morristown Auxiliary 183 75

Newark " 100 00

" —Miss E. Nichols 1 00

PENNSYLVANIA, \$755.96.

Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary 106 16

Philadelphia Auxiliary 535 50

" —Mrs. M. C. Lea 5 00

Wilkes-Barre Auxiliary 109 30

MARYLAND, \$189.50.

Baltimore Auxiliary \$187 50

Frederick—Mrs. S R Bonsall 1 00

" —Miss F. Trail 1 00

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$162.45.

Washington Auxiliary \$162 45

OHIO, \$420.50.

Cincinnati Auxiliary \$100 00

Cleveland " 235 00

Dayton " 85 50

KENTUCKY, \$61.05.

Louisville Auxiliary \$61.05

MISSOURI, \$139.69

Springfield—Missionary Union \$26 81

St. Louis Auxiliary 112 88

HAWAII, \$20.00.

Honolulu—J. G. Rijn \$20 00

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR PERSONAL ESTATE.

I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the
sum of dollars.

FORM OF BEQUEST FOR REAL ESTATE.

I do give and devise to the American McAll Association the following
described property.

Some Very Attractive and Valuable Books for Sunday Reading.

Beggars of Holland and Grandees of Spain. A History of the Reformation in the Netherlands, from A. D. 1200 to 1578. By J. W. Mears, D. D. Illustrated. 16mo. Pp. 477, 75 cents.

A deeply-interesting account of the early struggles against Romanism, down through the reigns of Charles V and Philip II, and ending with the thrilling narrative of the hardships and battles of the "Beggars of Holland" against the "Grandees of Spain."

Bible Work in Bible Lands; or, Events in the History of the Syria Mission. By Rev. Isaac Bird. With map and many illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 432, 75 cents.

China and the Chinese. A general description of the Country and its Inhabitants; its Civilization and Form of Government; its Religious and Social Institutions; its intercourse with other Nations; and its Present Condition and Prospects. By Rev. John L. Nevius, D. D., twenty-eight years a missionary to China. With a map and illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 452, 75 cents.

Chinese Slave Girl, The. A Story of Woman's Life in China. By Rev. J. A. Davis, formerly of Amoy, China. With illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 395, 75 cents.

The chief incidents of this narrative are actual occurrences. Its object is to give a fair view of woman's life in the middle and lower classes of China.

Corea, Without and Within. By William Elliott Griffis. Fully illustrated. 16mo. Pp. 314, \$1.00.

The little peninsula-country is full of interest and this book tells its story and describes its life and customs in a very delightful way.

Farmer Tompkins and His Bibles. By Rev. Willis J. Beecher, D. D. With illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 320, 75 cents.

Under the garb of a pleasing narrative, it discusses questions of vital importance with regard to the Bible, and meets prevailing forms of doubt and skepticism as to the inspiration, credibility and authenticity of the Scriptures.

From Dawn to Dark in Italy. A tale of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century. Illustrated. 16mo. Pp. 538, 75 cents.

Until lately we have known little about the Italian Reformers, their labors and their sufferings. This admirable volume will help us to know them and to appreciate them.

Jessica's First Prayer and Jessica's Mother. Illustrated. 18mo. Pp. 180, 30 cents.

A charming narrative relating the history of a poor little outcast girl of London.

Life of John Howard, the Philanthropist. Embracing an account of his great and successful labors in ameliorating the condition of affairs in European jails. Illustrated. 18mo. Pp. 156, 30 cents.

Martyrs of the Reformation. D'Aubigné's Martyrs of the Reformation. With an introduction. By Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 512, \$1.00.

The personal sketches contained in this volume have been culled by Dr. Bulkley from D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*. They constitute a notable gallery of religious portraits, which for vivid coloring and personal verisimilitude are unsurpassed.

Persia: Eastern Mission. By Rev. James Bassett, author of "Persia: Land of the Imams." Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. 353, \$1.25.

This is a narrative of the founding and fortunes of the Eastern Persian Mission, with a sketch of the versions of the Bible and Christian literature in the Persian and Persian-Turkish languages. All interested in missions will specially enjoy the book. It is illustrated by twenty-five photographs of persons and places.

Ragweed. A west-world story. By Julia McNair Wright. 16mo. Pp. 318, \$1.25.

This is a story of plain, simple people, of common ways and common things, but these are the ways and the people that make up the bulk of the world and its life.

Religions of the World, The. An Outline of the Great Religious Systems. By David James Burrell, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 332, \$1.25.

The ten chapters consider in their order, Fetichism, The Religion of Ancient Egypt, Zoroastrianism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, The Religion of Greece, The Religion of the Norsemen, Confucianism, Islam, The True Religion.

Story of Madagascar. By Rev. John W. Mears, D. D. Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 313, 75 cents.

The *Story of Madagascar*, with all the interest of a romance, is but the narrative of the facts of God's wonderful work in that imperial island. The developments of the spread of Christianity there form a splendid contrast to the dark days in which its power was shown in the faithfulness unto fetters and death of its early martyrs.

The Story of Marcus Whitman, and the First Protestant Mission in Oregon. By Rev. J. G. Craighead, D. D. 1 vol., 12mo., \$1.00.

The labors of Marcus Whitman, the first Protestant missionary in Oregon, form a chapter of most thrilling interest in the early annals of our country. The story of his ride and the striking incidents in his career have been narrated with enthusiasm by the late Rev. J. G. Craighead, D. D., of Washington, for many years a minister on the Pacific coast. Whitman's career was one of romantic interest, and the history of Home Missions contains no more inspiring chapter.

ADDRESS ORDERS TO

John H. Scribner, Business Supt., 1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Or any of the Depositories or Booksellers representing the Board.

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

President

Mrs. CHAS. H. PARKHURST, 133 E. Thirty-fifth Street, New York City.

Vice Presidents

Mrs. JAMES A. GARFIELD, Northern Ohio.	Mrs. O. J. DEARBORN, Indiana.
Mrs. J. V. FARWELL, Illinois.	Mrs. MURRAY SHIPLEY, Southern Ohio.
Mrs. FELIX R. BRUNOT, Western Pa.	Mrs. M. B. TAYLOR, Florida.
Mrs. FRANCIS WAYLAND, Connecticut.	Mrs. LAWRENCE MYERS, Central N. J.
Mrs. A. F. BEARD, Eastern N. Y.	Mrs. EDWARD HAWES, Vermont.
Mrs. W. H. FENN, Maine.	Mrs. OLIVE T. VAUGHAN, Wisconsin.
Mrs. J. K. STICKNEY, Dist. of Columbia.	Mrs. GEORGE E. MARTIN, Missouri.
Miss ANNA H. ADAMS, Eastern Mass.	Mrs. HENRY A. DUPONT, Delaware.
Mrs. F. W. OWEN, New Jersey.	Mrs. ANDREW COWAN, Kentucky.
Miss ANNA L. DAWES, Western Mass.	Mrs. JAMES G. VOSE, Rhode Island.
Mrs. SAMUEL M. VAIL, Northern N. Y.	Mrs. J. WARREN GODDARD, N. Y. City.
Mrs. J. S. BERRY, Maryland.	Mrs. DAVID WINTERS, Kansas.

Mrs. H. N. PAUL, Eastern Pa.

Board of Directors

Term Expires 1896.

Mrs. J. LEWIS CROZER, Upland, Penn.
Mrs. JOHN R. WHITNEY, Bryn Mawr, Penn.
Mrs. WM. BUCKNELL, Philadelphia, "
Mrs. JAMES F. STONE, " "

Term Expires 1897.

Mrs. JOHN F. KEEN, Philadelphia, Penn.
Miss HOCKLEY, " "
Mrs. W. R. NICHOLSON, " "
Mrs. C. A. LONGSTRETH, " "

Term Expires 1898.

Mrs. LOUISE S. HOUGHTON, New York.
Miss ALETTA LENT, " "
Mrs. D. W. MCWILLIAMS, Brooklyn, New York.
Mrs. G. W. B. CUSHING, E. Orange, N. J.

Treasurer

Mrs. ABRAHAM R. PERKINS, W. Upsal Street, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Corresponding Secretary

Mrs. H. L. WAYLAND, 511 S. Forty-second Street, West Philadelphia.

Recording Secretary

Mrs. A. H. FETTEROLF, Girard College, Philadelphia.

General Secretary

Miss CAROLINE REMINGTON, 1710 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Auditors

LEWIS H. REDNER.

W. W. ARNETT.

THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE :

Founded in 1872 by the late Rev. R. W. McAll, D. D.

known as

Mission Populaire Evangélique de France.

Paris and its Environs, Versailles, Sèvres, St. Lagny-sur-Marne, Germain, Creil, Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, Le Cannet, Grasse, Corsica, Algiers, Lyons, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, La Rochelle, Rochefort, Lille, Roubaix, Cherbourg, St. Etienne, Saintes, Cognac, Toulouse, Montpellier, Cette, Beziers, Poitiers, Châtellerault, Angers, Nantes, Grenoble, Calais, St. Quentin, Montmorin, Montmorillon, Chôlet, Roanne, Thiers, Auxerre, Rheims, Tonnerre, Rennes, Alençon, Lorient, Quimperlé, Bruai, Epernay, Liéven, Limoges, Aurillac, Brest, Varedes, Sotteville-Rouen, Clamecy, Tulle, Vic-sur-Aisne, St. Fortunat, Vermelle, Lourches, Lens, etc.

Hon. President :

M. LOUIS SAUTTER.

Committee of Direction :

Director and Chairman :

Rev. C. E. GREIG, M. A.

Vice-Chairmen :

Pasteur B. COUVE

Rev. E. G. THURBER, D. D

Secretary :

M. E. J. ROUILLY.

Finance Secretary :

M. W. SOLTAU.

Correspondent and Visitor for the Provinces :

Dr. HENRY J. BENHAM.

Rev. H. E. NOYES, D.D.

M. E. REVEILLAUD

M. L. RIEDER

M. J. de NEUFVILLE

M. G. MONOD

Pasteur H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

OFFICE OF THE MISSION :

36, Rue Godot de Mauroy, Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris.

Bankers : Mess. MONROE & CO., 7, Rue Scribe, Paris.